

Writings by James Sheldon for Corsair

(Santa Monica City College)

1965 - 1966



March 24, 1965

GBS Wit, Boldness Makes Hit At CC
by James Sheldon

The wit, wisdom and boldness of George Bernard Shaw has been successfully and expertly brought to the CC campus via his "Trifles and Tomfooleries," directed by Bert C. Holland, with technical direction by J. Win Smith.

Three of the four zany plays may be seen at a Friday night Forum Series showing at 8 p.m., with the final performances of "Man of Destiny," "Passion, Poison, and Petrification, or, The Fatal Gazogene," and "How He Lied to Her Husband." "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" will have only day showings.

"Dark Lady" and "Passion" run from 12 to 1 p.m. today, followed by "How He Lied" in a 1 to 2 p.m. slot. Tomorrow, "Man of Destiny" will play from 11 a.m. to 12 noon, followed by encore runs of "Dark Lady" and "Passion" at a 12 to 1 p.m. showing.

"The Man of Destiny" was magnificent. Louis Lista was born for the role of Napoleon. His fiery, explosive, crafty personality dominated the stage. Jill Rice, the "Strange Lady," was pleasing to the mind as an actress, and to the eye as a woman. Her womanly wiles frustrated Bonaparte endlessly.

Donald Harris brought many laughs as the dainty, bumbling lieutenant who places gentlemanly conduct over responsibility. Damian DeCarlo was an able Giuseppe. Student director Sandy Yaras and stage manager (and general stage manager for the festival) Gary Eaker are given kudos for their fine work.

In "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," the Bard of Avon is debunked as a conversation-cribbing lover. Roger Meyer was cast as Will "Shakespear," Joyce Messinger's Queen Elizabeth and Susan Chester's Dark Lady were both volatile portrayals. John Weldon doubled as a guard and stage manager.

"Passion," etcetera, has to be seen to be believed. Elizabeth Embrey was Lady Magnesia Fitztollemache, Cary Sterling played her husband, George, and Larry Fidler portrayed her lover, Adolphus Bastable. All three roles were farcical masterpieces. Brief but effective roles were played by Ann Stewart, Jill Kelly, Mike Castle, and Tom Templeton. Director Mike Gold and stage manager Tuana Costiloe engineered many weird special effects scenes. This is offbeat theater at its wildest.

An entertaining trio gave special life to "How He Lied to Her Husband." Fred Brideau displayed versatility as Henry Apjohn, the youthful lover of Aurora Bompas, played well by Tina Johnson.

Mark Robinson was Mr. Bompas, a prim Britisher. Mike Lewis was the stage manager for this romp of marital illogic.

May 4, 1965

'Boy Friend' Company Creates Bouncy Return To Flapper Era
by James Sheldon

Director Joseph Brown and the entire Theater Arts department have created a wonderful, authentic time machine to carry Bucs and the public back to the glorious flapper era—Sandy Wilson's "The Boy Friend."

There are six performances remaining: tomorrow, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and May 13, 14, and 15. All performances are at 8:30 p.m. Admission is \$1.50 for the public, and 50 cents for Bucs with AS cards. Tickets may be obtained from the LT box office, open 2 to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, the Buc bookstore and Henshey's in Santa Monica.

"The Boy Friend" takes place in Nice, France in 1926, and involves several flippant "boy meets girl" plots. The substance of the production, however, consists of the universally excellent performances and catchy, often haunting, songs.

Gail Hirsch as Polly Browne, Richard Wallen as Tony Brockhurst, Gayle Smith as Maisie, Lanny Langston as Bobby Van Heusen, and Sherry Alberoni as Dulcie are perfect embodiments of "Roaring 20's" youth. Their exuberance and clean-cut, ebullient personalities establish a warm bond between the company and the audience.

Larry Kayser is a riotous Lord Brockhurst, a roving elderly rogue. His choice lines bring bright bursts of comedy to the proceedings.

Outstanding musical numbers include "The Boy Friend," a bouncy charlestonian bubble; "Won't You Charleston With Me?" a great performance by the dynamic duo, Langston and Smith; the haunting, lilting "A Room in Bloomsbury," by Wallen and Hirsch; "The Riviera," an inspired gem of flappers and fluorescence; and "It's Never Too Late to Fall in Love," the comedy gem performed by Kayser and Alberoni.

Musical director Robert Winslow and his orchestra appear as "Bob Winslow and His Bearcats," playing three separate overtures as well as the magnificent musical numbers. Lorraine McDonald is the outstanding accompanist.

Technical director Win Smith, choreographer Jerry Steinberg, and Winslow have integrated their own as well as the students' talents. Make-up and costume supervisors Gene N. Owen and Sydonia LeVoy are to be congratulated for their magnificent work. Cosmetologists, under the direction of June Ketcham, have added to the authenticity.

Three magnificent sets, a finishing school, a beach, and a cafe, were designed by James Schoppe, and are extremely lavish. Technical effects were used to the maximum, as is evident in act three in the neonlike masque of "The Riviera."

Some may have expected such a daringly different production to be unsuccessful, but the entire company of "The Boy Friend" need not apologize. They've got a smash hit on their hands.

May 19, 1965

Spring Production Successful; Eight Of Nine Shows Sold Out
by James Sheldon

"The Boy Friend," the major theater arts department effort for this semester, has proven to be a success—financially, ularly, and most important, artistically.

Director Joseph Brown indicated that the Sandy Wilson hit sold out all seats in eight out of nine performances. The only performance unfilled, the third, was still more than 75 percent full.

The popularity and charm of the performances has attracted not only the general public, but well known stars in their own right. Motion picture and television actor George MacReady attended opening night's festivities. MacReady now narrates several television commercials in addition to his dramatic work. Ed and Keenan Wynn attended a performance last weekend. Many major movie studios also called in for reservations.

The artistic success of the production, however, has been the most rewarding aspect of the entire effort. "A straight drama is tough enough to stage," indicated Brown, "but staging a musical in which the principals have had little or no singing or dancing experience is most difficult indeed."

"The element of movement in the production made the work more challenging," Brown added, "but the mass job of coordination brought artistic flavor to the proceedings."

This coordination involved many types of rehearsals. Choreography, under the direction of Jerry Steinberg, was rehearsed on Tuesday and Thursday nights and Saturday afternoons. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 2 to 6 p.m. were the acting rehearsal hours. Individual singing instructions, under the auspices of Mrs. Lorraine Mac Donald and Dianne Childs were held under very strict individual rehearsal sessions.

Brown indicated his beliefs concerning the artistic success of the production. "I think the '20's have been beaten to death. They hammer it at you until you're sickened to death. In the play, however, there is fresh, stylized, almost tender sensitivity, and not burlesque, in the production. The characters have been made into honest, living persons."

Promotional efforts aided the success of the show greatly. "No matter how good a show is, vigilant publicity must be maintained to ensure the ultimate success of that play," Brown stated. "Altogether," Brown cocluded, " 'The Boy Friend' has been a most satisfying experience—educationally, financially and artistically."

October 20, 1965

Six Performances Scheduled In LT For One-Act Comedies

by James Sheldon

The cast rosters and final production schedules of the two diverting and divergent one-act plays, Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" and Jean Giraudoux's "The Apollo of Bellac," have been announced.

"The Apollo of Bellac" will be enacted Tuesday in the Little Theater. The 30-minute play will have three performances, at 11 a.m., 12 noon and 1 p.m. "The Importance of Being Earnest" will have performances at the same times next Thursday. Admission to all six week-day performances is free, and all students, are invited.

There will be a final presentation of the comedies as a forum series program at 8 p.m. next Friday, Oct. 29. The show will last approximately two hours, with the half-hour "Apollo" and the 45minute "Importance."

"Apollo" thespians include Mike Papo as the Man (Apollo), who visits Earth to enlighten various people like the shy, timid Agnes (Roselyn Katz) as to the destruction of beauty by overlooking it.

Agnes, in turn, renovates the personalities of people like the clerk (Tony Lane), and the board of directors and administrators (Gary Kohling, Mike Jaffe, Laurie Nesvig, Barrett Bilotta, Marvin Kidd, Art Aratin, Don Butler, and Paul White) of the "International Bureau of Inventions."

Linda Schroeder is highlighted as yet another girl affected by the doings of Apollo. In the role of Therese, Miss Schroeder gains joy, pride, and self-realization in this "comedy of ideas."

New theater arts instructor Bruce Zortman is directing the subtle but gently comic "thinking man's comedy." Tuana Costiloe is the stage manager for the stylized comedy which takes place in Giraudoux's own home town of Bellac, France.

The hilarious jab at etiquette conscious men and pretentious women of the upper middle class of Victorian England is the theme of "Importance." This witty, and piercing satire emphasizes the value of an earnest personality rather than a facade of "manners." "Importance" actors include Rodney Brooks as John Worthing, Carol Cruse as the Lady Bracknell, and Paul White as the preacher Chasuble. Terry Arthur and Peter Bennett are pairing in the roles of Algernon and Merriman; each actor will portray both roles.

Other players include Susan Chester as Cecily, Jill Kelly as Miss Prism, Janet Meleson as Gwendolen and Mark Sies as Mr. Lane. Craig Jackson, another new TA instructor, is directing "Importance." Stage manager for the nonsymbolistic, non-intellectual jest is Mary Sigson.

COMEDY OF IDEAS—Corsair thespians (from left) Mike Jaffe, Roselyn Katz, Mike Papo, and Linda Schroeder pose momentarily as they rehearse in the Buc Little Theater for Jean Giraudoux's "Apollo of Bellac," to be shown at 11 a.m., noon and 1 p.m. on Tuesday.

November 18, 1965

Dark Of The Moon' Performers, Director Have Pro Experience
by James Sheldon

The director and several performers in the upcoming fall theater arts production, "Dark of the Moon," have had thorough professional experience in motion pictures, television, off-Broadway, and Broadway.

Director Joseph Brown and actresses Sherry Alberoni, Constance Pfeiffer, Lynn Weston and Madeline Taylor will be among the professionals appearing in the dramatic folk fantasy which opens Dec. 2 and will continue through Dec. 11.

Brown may be better known by his stage name of Victor Millan. He has been an actor for nearly two decades, and has performed in many motion pictures, television shows, and plays.

Brown's (Millan's) distinguished movie career includes performances in such movie greats as "Giant" with Elizabeth Taylor and James Dean, "The FBI Story" with James Stewart and "The Ride Back" with Anthony Quinn.

Brown is still very active in television. He has already done a "Man From U.N.C.L.E." episode, and will soon appear in segments of "The Virginian" and "The Wackiest Ship In the Army." Sherry Alberoni may be known best as a floppy-eared Mouseketeer.

Aside from her major performances in "The Mickey Mouse Club," Miss Alberoni has appeared in series such as "The Andy Williams Show," "The Ed Wynn Show," and "The Tom Ewell Show." She recently completed a "My Three Sons" segment. Mrs. Constance Pfeiffer's specialty is plays—and plenty of them.

An inactive member of the Screen Actors Guild, she has previously appeared off-Broadway in many productions, including "The Lower Depths," "The Madwoman of Chailot," "Monsieur Durand," "La Ronde" and "This Property Is Condemned."

The career of Lynn Weston has included performances in television and plays. Her leading play performances were in "Carousel," "Brigadoon," and the adult "The Bad Seed" and "The Children's Hour." Miss Weston will soon be seen in a segment of "This Is the Life," a Sunday morning religious program, and "The Patty Duke Show," sometime this month.

Madeline Taylor, a theater arts major who is primarily a dancer, just finished appearing in the female lead role of Lola, the seductive devil's helper, in the hit comedy musical "Damn Yankees" with the Long Beach Civic Light Opera.

BEWITCHED—Cast members rehearse for TA's fall productions, "Dark of the Moon." Shown from left are Lori Bass, Jeff Kanner and Michael Jaffe. The play is scheduled to start on Dec. 2.

December 8, 1965

'Unpalatable Potion' Served Up By 'Dark Of Moon' Performers
by James Sheldon

Take one part of the currently overdone "witchcraft syndrome." Toss in bits of illplaced comedy and uninspiring vocal effects. Add dashes of religion, superstition, and hokum—and you have an unpalatable potion known as "Dark of the Moon." It is being served in lackluster goblets at the Little Theater by the cast presenting this semester's play production.

Not that this play hasn't any merits, such as sets of chromatic brilliance, spellbinding lighting effects, and several performances by supporting players. Nevertheless, the defects of the script, the overuse of the mystical as a theme, and some flat performances left this viewer in a cave of boredom.

Witchcraft was stunningly presented in "Devil Take a Whittler." Religion was well covered in the dramatic "Inherit the Wind." However, put them together and add the plot of "Dark of the Moon," and one has a mishmash of unrelated elements. Both elements are lost.

The plot concerns a witch boy, John, who wants to be a human man. He enters into an occult contract with a mystic, the Conjur Man. He does this to gain the love of the legendary, beautiful figure, Barbara Allen. But, due to the plans of a vengeful quartet of witches and a blustering, muscular boy friend, John's plans misfire tragically.

Jeff Kanner, as the Witch Boy, assumes a purely dramatic role which helps to offset some of the more ludicrous absurdities of the plot. This acting approach, concrete and self-assured, could have saved a slightly better written presentation.

Lori Bass, as Barbara Allen, seemed ill at ease and mechanical. Her dramatic scenes were well portrayed, but she seems incongruous with the lighter moments of the play. A key part of the drama, her singing of the "Barbara Allen" ballad which outlines the entire plot, was tense.

Mike Jaffe capably presented the role of Marvin Hudgens, Barbara's jealous, lustful beau. Mike Levine was an excellent Uncle Smellicue, singing ditties in the folk dance sequences choreographed by Jerry Steinberg.

The witches are something else again. Though this play is meant to be staged presentationally (nonrealistically), this staging was overdone. Though the witches, with their droning, nasal mimicking and forced laughter were hard on the nerves, they were very soothing to the eyes. Susan Chester, Carolyn Heestand, Carol Blaze and Dawn Cleary played the quartet.

Sturdy supporting roles were exacted from Mike Castle and Constance Pfeiffer as Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Salvatore Acquisto and Elizabeth Embrey as Conjur Man and Conjur Woman, and Sherri

Alberoni as Edna Summey. Roselyn Katz and Paul White were standouts in the respective roles of Miss Metcalf and the preacher Haggler.

The biggest star of the play was the massive, glitter-tinted, mountain-and-cave set. Credit is due to technical director Win Smith, designer James Schoppe and painter Don Bluth. In summary, however, this "Moon's" dramatic luster is not brilliant—it is a very "Dark" moon.

FINAL PREPARATION—Donna Horan, costume crew head, adds a finishing touch to Jeff Kanner's costume for "Dark of the Moon." The play's six performance run will end Saturday.

December 15, 1965

'Formal Protest' Suggested
by James Sheldon

(Recited like "By the Shores of Gitcheegoomee . . . ")

Now that Christmas is upon us,
Now that New Year's is approaching,
Time has come for thorough thinking
In regards to Yuletide pleasures.
Now's the time for ads and Santas.
Now's the time for bright green Yule trees.

And the time for relaxation.
Other than gay Christmas doings,
One must think of time upcoming.
After revelries of New Year's
And most cautious, wise imbibing
Comes the time to ready oneself
For the rugged finals nearing.

Some of CC's sage instructors
Use vacations as a method
To eke effort at last minute
From their classes moving slowly.
One must raise a formal protest
Banning this most unjust practice.
Conflicts with employment vital
And the season's celebrations
Make unwise this time of homework.

As a Christmas gift, instructors,
Give us time away from cramming
Papers, essays and book reading
And the other time-consuming
Schoolwork due in late November!
Rearrange your class time, mentors,
For we know that in addition
You would hate to start the New Year
Grading papers by the bundle.

Let the time of Yule vacation

Be a joy for all us Corsairs—
Students and instructors also!
Do away with Yule assignments—
So we may say with warm blessings
"Have a happy Christmas season—
And a pleasant New Year to you!"

February 9, 1966

JC Men Nearing 'D' Day
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

Greetings! I hope the choice of that word didn't start a reflex action of sweaty palms for our overly draft-conscious males. It seems, according to Lt. Gen. Louis B. Hershey's admonitions, that many more of our eager young patriots will be willingly conscripted in the near future. National tests to determine junior college brainpower may soon be under way, resulting in the cheery "Greetings" missive. More about that next week.

* * * To the spectators that watch the staid, austere goings-on of the Corsair student government elite, the Associated Students Commission, it appears that these funshunning 15 are the epitome of sedateness.

See them in action at the semesterly AS Commission Retreat. You wouldn't believe in the transformation in them and in their mentors, two Buc administrators and the college financial manager.

Each semester, the Fabulous Fifteen go to an endearing cluster of quonset huts and bunk houses known as Hidden Trails, in the resort Utopia of Agoura (that's several miles west of Thousand Oaks).

The series of five two-hour workshops, covered more thoroughly on page three, were comprehensive, thorough, and frank.

One beneficial outcome of this verbal interplay was a "clearing of the air" where AS CommissionCorsair relationships were concerned. Among Blaine McClure's (AS president) most soul-baring statements was this: "I think that Greek Theater thing (Corsair criticism of Greek Theater handling) was probably beneficial after all."

Aside from these loquacious marathons, there were sights and sounds to amaze and astound. Among them:

1. The Fat-Inducing Fifteen partaking of dinner, evening snack, breakfast, lunch, snack, and dinner, in that order. The gastronomical orgy rivaled that of the best scenes in "Tom Jones."
2. McClure leading a vicious game of cancellation hearts, with the decadently high stakes of zero cents per point.

3. The majority of the student ensemble on a midnight trek to a nearby eating joint, only to find that the edifice was about to close. A five-mile jaunt (both ways) for naught. All in all, a "fun" trip. A weekend to end all weekends.

NEXT WEEK: The clammy concept pf conscription: "Camp."

February 15, 1966

Draft: A Clammy Concept
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

The clammy concept of conscription has definitely separated the men from the boys, or, more appropriately, the Vietniks from the men who believe that the United States armed forces can actually win a war.

A grotesquely humorous outcome of this bizarre oversignificance attributed to the draft is that it has psychologically castrated the characters of many American males.

"Castration" seems the perfect word when you read a pamphlet that states ways and means to avoid the rugged realism and discipline that is armed service life.

Among the techniques to put oneself on the local 4-F list that would undoubtedly be approved by the majority of Vietniks are these:

(a) Perform several selected excerpts from "Swan Lake" in a wispy outfit of pink chiffon in the induction office; (b) Vocalize "The Greenwich Village Giggle" in a creamy falsetto soprano for the recruiting sergeant; (c) Tell the psychologist of your various duties done as secret agent 0086%, Maxwell intelligent, working for Big Brother Johnson.

Some of these ideas may seem overdone, but there are those who might consider trying out all three. Is this an image of American masculinity?

Many Vietniks and their supporters will argue that the avoidance of the draft is merely the justifiable instinct of self-preser-vation in action. After all, they say, who wants to have his small and large intestines splayed over some remote South Vietnam rice paddy?

One point is overlooked. The odds. A person (including the distaff set) can have one's large and small intestines splayed over the Harbor Freeway, also. There's one slight difference, however: the chances are much greater on the freeway.

* * * So, until two weeks from now, as Dean Martin says, keep those letters coming. This newspaper isn't only a compendium of Corsair staff work. Move your eyes half an inch to the left for the rest . . .

March 2, 1966

Again? 'Apathy' Rehash
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

Are you among that uncommon elite known as "The 500?" No, this is not in reference to the dean's honor list, or even last semester's totals of library book delinquency. This is in regards to that yawner of a cliché, "apathy," or, more specifically, as apathy affects the dearly departed Hello Week. It seems AS president Blaine McClure's spring retreat verbal gems will forever be thrust into his countenance.

He emoted, in speaking on school spirit in an aside during a workshop, thusly:
"There's—maybe—soo of them (us!) out there (at SMCC) that really CARE (about school activities) !" With this in mind, our student government Big Siblings still are blindly optimistic about the "success" of each upcoming Hello Week. The results? Among them is a sad speech delivered by Dr. F. Anthony Viggiano, music department chairman, to one of his classes, mourning the not-so-full house during the talent show.

Time is being wasted on the wrong activities. Alpha Gamma Sigma has more of the right idea about what we need in the line of "programs." Their helpful study habits clinics and tutoring services are more valuable for the future benefit of a student than the presentation of a gaggle of nubile maidens prancing about to promote an upcoming sports event.

Of course, if you knock student government activities, it's like kicking a society matron in the ribs—sacrilege. But will bubbling accounts of "fun" college events that you rahed at get one a job—or will tutoring service be more helpful?

* * The flu siege was fun, wasn't it? An account of that ecstatic period of our lives is at the right. And WHY was school held Monday, Feb. 21, just before Washington's Birthday? Farce!

March 9, 1966

Corsair Set For Change
by James Sheldon

You there! Tired of the stodgy, dull "sameness" of the Corsair's appearance? Well, WAKE UP, AMERICA! HARKEN!! The "new look" of the Corsair shall arrive some time hence!

This "new look" was initiated last week with the revamping of page two, which has looked the way it has looked for more than 20 years now. Doug Anderson's editorial cartoon was placed above the editorial for added emphasis (also to delight those who like to see the funnies as soon as they turn the page).

Also, my dimly regarded column was centered on the page, mainly to satiate my own unfettered egotism. Next, the staff box was modestly relocated from its pompous upper left-hand corner to its current humble lower right-hand slot.

This left spaces for articles on the flu, briefs, and written threats on the editor's life. Other ideas:

(1) Getting a new masthead (that's the title of the paper to you) for page one. This thick, coarse hunk of grey and black may soon be replaced with the crisp, clean scrawl of our revered Doug.

(2) New headline type. Our adviser, Miss Vlach, is anxious to replace our battered hand-set type, which is also melted down for shoe heels, dental fillings, and toothpicks (the i's and l's).

(3) Coated paper. Hugh Moody, our demigod of a typesetter, says this makes for crisper, cleaner story type. Wheel!!

(4) More pages! Sorry, this is for the April 27 issue only, when, it is scheduled, the feature writing class, under the adept co-direction of substitute Richard Tarquinio and Corsair adviser Miss Vlach, will present gems like "Why the SMCC Spin-Drift (the college yearbook) is NOT the Name of a Detergent!" and "The Problem of the Crowded Corsair Campus at 4:30 p.m. on Fridays"!

(5) A six-column format. To prevent myopic madness, the Corsair plans to switch to six slimmer lanes of literary luminescence. As the Los Angeles Times goes, so goes the Santa Monica City College Corsair. Also, column rules (those squiggly little things that vertically separate each column) will continue to be eliminated, to give that "mag" appearance (like Esquire).

(6) Wilder new layout (storyphoto arrangements) ideas for all four pages. Planned is a Playboyish center foldout in glorious color of Phyllis Diller, Marjorie ("Ma Kettle") Main, and Brigitte Bardot's homely second cousin, Myrtle (this is for our April Fool issue).

Ah, plans, plans, plans! Nevertheless, there are those harsh Corsair critics who say that, if it weren't for the fact that we have newsprint on our pages, the Corsair could be used for blowing noses.

March 9, 1966

CC's Own 'Nomads' Twang, Sing For LA
by James Sheldon Corsair Editor-in-Chief

Three-Part Series

Twaaang! Zirrrch! Dum-da-da-dum! Bop! These and other boffo beats are among the musical end products of a popular music group known as the Nomads, one of three rock-and-roll conglomerations composed entirely of Corsair students.

Randy Ross, group organizer and official spokesman, related to the Corsair of the birth and local prominence of his group in an informative and free-wheeling discussion. The fluttering five is comprised of Ross, the lead guitarist; Jim Beale, the lead golden-throat; Pete Hillen, sergeant-at-arms of the rhythm guitar and organ; Tom Poyer of the bombastic bass, and

Elliott Mehrbach, drummer of din. Randy revealed that the group, originally composed of a Ross-Hil-len-Poyer-Mehrbach quartet, was initiated at a tenth-grade football rally at St. Bernard's Catholic High School in Playa Del Rey. There, however, the group had the euphonic tag of the Bartolomuccites, named for a Mister Bartolomucci, who acquired the stint for them. Mehrbach is currently their financial manager. Two weeks later, they added a harpoon and renamed themselves The Whalers. Another year afterwards, the introspective organization chose the John Hancock of the Nomads. Head Bedouin Ross classified their musical melange. "It's sort of folky-and-rolly," indicated Ross. "It's a loud mess," added another band member, with a knowing wink in his eye. The aggregation specializes in group imitation, and occasionally enters the realm of their own original music, composed by Mehrbach. The near-big time group has performed for UCLA, USC, and Loyola fraternity and sorority parties, at the Living Room (a music place!) on Sunset Strip, and has had four recording sessions, which have produced their own "The Gate to Love" (vocal) and "Why Oh Why?" The group described their work as an "avocation," yet are loolring for a manager and are assembling a backlog of band members. We wish 'em luck!

* * * NEXT WEEK—The invigorating Inrhodes, a bouncing bevy of six syncopationists.

March 16, 1966

Sunrays, Top Music' Quintet, Mix Buc Study, 'Top 40' Fame
by James Sheldon Corsair Editor-In-Chief

The rhythmic musical brilliance of the Sunrays, a popular music group composed mostly of Corsair students, has brightened the nation's "Top 40" musical list, the pocketbooks of the group's members, and the musically rich reputation of Santa Monica City College.

Five frenetic masters of the up tempo comprise the gaggle of guitarists and goldenthroats. Official spokesman for the Sunrays is Marty Di Giovanni, virtuoso of the electric piano and organ. Rick Henn, a Westwood prodigy, laces contusions on the drums, and plucks the catgut of the guitar in addition to his prime duty of writing the "libretto" of the group's vocal epics.

Byron Case relates on the rhythm guitar while juggling his time as a Buc business major. Vince Hozier, a Pacific Palisades product, vocalizes in the bass range and explodes with the "fender bass." Eddie Medora, a registrant of Woodbury College (where he majors in interior design), plays the rhythm guitar and has unique talents in commercial artistry.

The "I Live for the Sun" and "Andrea" boys were discovered by one of the Beach Boys, Carl Wilson, who introduced the quintet to his manager father Murry, who took it from there.

Between battling for units at SMCC, the boys manage to tour such remote whistle stops as Phoenix, Denver, Salt Lake City and Seattle (where they broke attendance records at Exhibition Hall).

In addition, under the direction of Rick Henn's literary loquaciousness, the group has just recorded its first album, "I Live for the Sun," on the Tower label. Almost any day now, their latest brainchild, "When You're Not Here," will appear.

The boys originally began over five years ago when, at the average age of 14, they formed an aggregation called the Renegades. Now, their self-described "pop music" averages a national sales record of 250,000 discs per number.

"We use four tracks when we record," stated Di Giovanni. "One is for band, one for lead vocal, one for back vocal, and a fourth for a synchronized repetition of the first three," he said without blinking a technical eyelid. "We have a solid West Coast beat with violins and horns," he added.

The 2500-per-concert group knows it won't last forever, but it seems destined for a VERY happy, though brief, musical life. * * * (Editor's note: the Inrhodes feature will appear in a future issue.)

BRIGHT FUTURE—The Sunrays, local coast singing group, were discovered by one of the Beach Boys. Since then they have had two big hits, "I Live for the Sun" and "Andrea." Pictured from left are Marty Di Giovanni, Byron Case, Rick Henn, Eddie Medora and Vince Hozier.

March 16, 1966

WHAT Did He SAY??

by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR

The disconcerting denotation of the masterful missive silently sent by Buc brained one Roger Kirkland has brought some meaningful meditation about my previously pedantic, somewhat senseless cerebrum.

It appears that Roger's crass complaints and sensible suggestions really regard, not, hark and for goodness' sake, concise Corsair style, but my own egotistical idiosyncrasy of using agonizing alliteration (the painful practice of uselessly using the same letters of our admired alphabet in a sinewy string of many words) and vacillating verbiage.

The art of alliteration, regaling Roger, is a feeble fight, in my own wonderful way, to surreptitiously spread my own masterful mark of ingenious individuality in a wayout world of lulling likeness. That pseudo-intellectual, pedantic prattling you harken heed to is, in indefinable essence, a last-ditch lunge at literary luminescence.

In the pitiable past, my harshlycriticized harangues of wholesome humor have been righteously rejected by a considerable cut of the Corsair consensus, the perusing pupils of this edifying ensemble of edifices, Santa Monica City College (Ah! Appropriate alliteration in its very title!!)

Thus, therefore, thenceforward, thinking one, do I dare venture vicariously above the melancholy mundaneness that is today's "right-up-to-the-minute" writing. It takes but a small segment of one's enormous intellectual effort to deeply deduce the mind-muddling (maybe!) meanings of my verbose vocabulary.

Write, write, repeat thy regarded (really!) notes of noteworthy, concise criticisms. Intelligent insight into important subjects such as the already abovementioned will involve the inception of a new, nearly incendiary, international, interpersonal intelligence !!!

(Sources for this wearying work: The New Pocket Roget's Thesaurus in Dictionary Form, pages one through four hundred and ninety-six, or, en otras palabras, the entire book.)

March 23, 1966

'Camp' Crazes Chided
by James Sheldon

NUTS TO BATMAN!!!

The "Camp" fad and its myriad subdivisions is the biggest pack of cultural sewage ever to hit the national intellect. Every aspect of This triumph of trivia ("Op," "Pop," "In," "Out," 'X'pper Camp," "Middle Camp," "Lower Camp," and so on) makes the American mind seem like a ball of putty to the rest of the world.

Take Batman, a black eye in that Cyclops known as television. It, supposedly, is the paragon of "Low Camp," which means, approximately, that the show is SO bad that it is GOOD. Bleahhh!

Only a national culture that honors the growth of the buttock by extended hours of sedentary employment and prolonged periods of television-watching could abort the monster known as Batman.

If you think a show with a theme like that of "My Mother, the Car" is gross, see Batman. It is a 30-minute ode to bad acting, inept dialogue, and absurd situations. And we're all supposed to bark and salivate like Pavlov's dogs and fall into the "It's an adventure series!" or "It's a great put-on!" slots.

Batman was once in the rarefied ratings atmosphere with Bonanza, another paragon of folderol. Now, however, the Caped Clod is no longer in the Top Ten. At least we're waking up—but too late. Another series of comic book heroes will invade TV-land.

"Op" art is similarly inept. Geometric designs are great for wallpaper, handkerchiefs, or optometrists' offices, but to declare such pieces works of art is inane. (They make great linings for bird cage bottoms, however.)

"Pop" art? Ecch! Soup cans, tires, comic strips—they should all be shoved down those asinine artists' throats!

"Pop" movies? Unbelievable! (Sample: Andy Warhol's "Sleep" —nothing but a man asleep in an eight-hour "film"—and this guy gets paid money? Why not scrap metal?)

The term "Camp" was started by the East's limpwrists, which shows one what a sham this movement is in the first place!

April 20 1966

Notes On The Election
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

ANARCHY! Speaking in terms of Corsair student government, we're the closest yet to anarchy—the Leader Of Us All, the AS president, will be the result of an uncontested office "race."

I have nothing against C. Lawrence Thomas III, who is now clawing his way to the top in a sea of no opponents. But the very fact that such a popular office remains uncontested is repulsive to me. Are we so indifferent to these mature, demanding jobs that we would prefer to leave them up to the administration altogether?

Perhaps the reason behind why only one is striving for that highchair placed at AS Commission meetings is this: the shadow of Blaine McClure.

McClure, the current AS potentate, has been in student government for so many semesters that he is officially eligible for a gold watch. Few can follow the dominant personality that was Number One for two consecutive semesters.

McClure's achievements are notable. His most original enterprise was "Operation Alert." WHOOPS! Pardon me! "Operation Alert" was the idea of Randy Poole, the pre-McClure prexy. "PROJECT ALERTNESS" was Blaine's brainchild. (Sorry, Blaine, people always mix those two projects up).

Thomas III should provide a brisk change of pace. But, just in case his originality control center falters, Thomas III may have Blaine McClure (who is now running for commissioner of assemblies, yet!), his close friend, to breathe life into the dynamic office.

Even if not physically there, the shadow and spirit of Blaine McClure will pervade the highest AS office.

April 22, 1966

To The Budding Newsman
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

Tomorrow, this Corsair will be slightly revamped into a special edition for the high school journalists during this department's annual High School Journalism Day. So, briefly, I give to them a serious aside about their potential profession.

Quoteth ye editor: "WHEREAS, high school journalist, you have been aware of that journalistic pressure group known as the 'Insiders'; "WHEREAS, this group consists mainly of sour-grapes newsgetting fogies who say, 'Journalism is not the profession for you'; "Whereas, the 'Insiders' seem to resent the onslaught of fresh, young ideas into an easily reworkable, dynamic life's work; "WHEREAS, the young journalist today is ever more and more qualified to become part of a new generation of journalists of intelligent, analytical, lyrical, curious, mature, and responsible nature; "WHEREAS, there are those of 'the old school' who try to deglamorize the newsgetting profession as much as their narrow minds can allow . . .

"THEREFORE, I do order this statement to be read far and wide: 'DON'T YOU BELIEVE ONE COTTON - PICKIN' SYLLABLE OF WHAT THEY SAY!!!"

The day that journalism will cease to be vibrant, versatile, and exciting will be Doomsday. The only journalists leading uninteresting lives are the DEAD ones—either literally or intellectually.

May 4, 1966

Columns I Never Finished
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

Didja ever have one of those days? Here in Typewriter Alley, one's inspiration for column ideas can run miiiighty low. Here, cautiously scooped up from my mink-lined wastebasket, are some campus column ideas that just didn't click somehow:

* * * The office of AS president is a demanding and rigorous one. Selective requirements have been established to insure the complete effectiveness and essential qualifications necessary to hold this vital post. The many candidates sure to run in April's election have to, among other things, be...

* * * Many Corsairs come into the Corsair office to ask general information questions. One amusing session went like this: "Where's Santa Monica Boulevard?" the stranger asked. "Huhhh?" I responded. He repeated the query. "It's several blocks north of the college. Try going down 20th . . ." "Is that near this Bundy Drive?" he twinkled. "No," I sputtered, salivaly. Twenty minutes later, after making a personally inscribed map for the gent, he snarled and called me a bollixed-up...

* * * Overhearing some quietly whispered comments about a parking problem at Santa Monica City College, I decided to investigate. At approximately 7:40 on a Monday morning, I scoffed at the obvious exaggeration of the situation. At one of the more popular student lots, located at Lincoln Boulevard and Montana Avenue...

* * * Rumors have it that the upcoming campus Greek Theater has been redesigned by a new architect. Patterned along the lines of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Eiffel Tower, and a typical McDonald's hamburger stand, the multi-million-dollar showpiece will be a showcase.

* * * BLAINE McCLURE'S SPRING "PROJECT ALERTNESS" SCHEDULE:

May 11, 1966

Editor Rebukes Triviality
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

Rah! After my tirade against such TV tripe as "Batman," printed several weeks ago, I am ecstatic to see that cultural contribution's ratings slide into nothingness.

In addition, the trivia tube will be deluged this fall with such gross imitations and travesties as "The Green Hornet," "The Girl From U.N.C.L.E." (how about the "Uncle From U.N.C.L.E.?") and other bombs that the art of conversation may finally return to our smaller siblings.

* * * Fashion cycles defy description. First, we have to be as "in" and up-to-date as possible; now we salute old age in dress. "Granny" styles on girls are odes to senility. How about wireframe bifocals, high-button shoes, bussles, and whale-rib corsets next, eh, HUN-NNN-ey?

* * * Ecch. Possibly the worst assembly in the history of Bucville was foisted on unsuspecting Corsairs last Thursday (May 5). Five pseu-do-musicians known as Gary David (and his menagerie) repulsed Corsairs and emptied the Little Theater as if 17,942 stink bombs had been thrown on stage. Gary David was the pretentious pianist, Alice and Rhae warbled like throat-slit walruses, and commissioner of assemblies, Vance Jochim, was embarrassed. In between each tirade, David presented "good taste" items like monks singing taped holy chants while competing with electronic sound horrors that resembled preliminary sewer construction.

David may disagree with me, but music should have some tiny thread of something to recognize throughout. The group graciously prolonged their "stay" until two minutes to noon, by the way.

May 18, 1966

Selective Service Memoes
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

Last Saturday, a few hundred Corsair males took the selective service student deferment qualification test. As might be expected, there were no distasteful demonstrations or risqué banners brought forth by a covey of bearded pseudohumans with lace cuffs.

Nevertheless, there might be some test-takers (though not necessarily from Bud and) who furiously invoked the mercy of the Deity while taking the test. Sure, the entreaties of Uncle Samuel can rob one of a fine education temporarily. But there are those who regard the draft with less than benign attitudes.

To appease these poor souls, some suggestions for new deferment and active duty classifications are in order:

Classification 4-Y: Deferment for mind-changing. In short, this slot gives the student a five-year "break" to decide "what he wants to be when he grows up." Too quick a decision can cause a trauma, you know. This is especially good for sophomore junior college males who can't decide on their majors, vocational goals or what movie to go to.

Classification 4-M: Deferment not to worry Mother. Why be one more body on the funeral pyre in Southeast Asia when Mumsy absolutely forbade one not to join the "arrogant, immoral" (source: Senator Fulbright) armed forces?

Classification 4-Q: This is a goodie. Here, the student is allowed to marry, obtain a permanent deferment, and get a divorce in the same week. Arrangements made on terms of 24- or 36-month payments. One may charge it.

Classification 4-H: Physical disablement deferment due to hangnail.

Classification 4-?: Psychological "unconformity" deferment due to Greenwich Villageitis. Popular with the Sunset Strip set, sweetie.

Classification 1-Z: The only active duty slot enables the holder to freedom from K.P., boot camp, bivouacs and other messy duties. Classification includes five meals per day, color TV in each barracks and a trained masseur.

Classification 14-B-27-D sends everybody home from Vietnam so the Reds will be free to, as we all have predicted, do nothing more than set up a chain of retirement villages and interdenominational houses of worship. What—you think they have ulterior motives?

*** Friday's Spring Splash will be the acid test of, yes, apathy on the Corsairtown campus. What more can the assembly, activity and rally bigwigs do to obtain more student interest?

May 20, 1966

'Splash' Issue, Event Described

by James Sheldon Corsair Editor-In-Chief

It's Santa Monica City College's merriest, zaniest concoction! It's the annual Spring Splash, sponsored by the Corsair rally committee. Add together the following ingredients, and you have a "Splash Cocktail": One part water (freestyle race, service club relays, and more). One part tired tire (inner tybe relay). Add a sprinkle of choice canoe oars (canoe jousting). Finally, add a sandwich of diving board (diving exhibition).

For entertainment, there's women (Miss Spin-Drift coronation) and song (a folk-style act by Howard Wells, current Sophomore Class president, and Chris Sarns). Mix vigorously (volleyball tournament) and then relax (sockhop dance). Let's face it—the Spring Splash is THE big event of the spring semester! The bigger the turnout, the greater the fun! Besides, Mike Poizner, commissioner of rally activities and splash coordinator, is biting his nails to the quick in anticipation of success. Once the campus males stop gazing at the photos of these gor-

geous girls, they may find the "Splash" schedule on page two. How did this special edition (the first since 1962) come about? Well, Laura Lee, Lynda, Eva, Lois, Jacquelyn, Steve and Bonnie Lynn went to Marina del Rey, and . . . Well, let the "pix" tell the story! Humble credit is extended to photographers Bonnie Lynn Jay and Steve Martinez. Corsair production editor Bill Nowak and EJ Essel arranged picture sizes. Reporter Tom Mann provided the Splash schedule.

REMEMBER—WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU TONIGHT AT 6 P.M. AT THE POOL—FOR FUN!

May 25, 1966

Bugging Of Finals Predicted
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

We may soon have "bugged" finals! If you read the recent Life mag article on bugging (audio-spying) devices, one can see that there ain't no such thing as privacy any more.

BUT—twisted minds can fit bugging to one's own advantage: think of the limitless possibilities this involves in the realm of cheating (cribbing, pony-ing) on final examinations!

Can you imagine, -with the right gizmos, the amount of unfair play that can go on during finals? With the right microphone set-up, one can Derek Flint his way into an "A" on an exam.

Some gruesome possibilities follow. How about taking a pen, inserting a sender-receiver (which can be made into a postage stampsize item) in it, and running a wire from it through one's long-sleeved shirt to the ear. A nefarious pal on the "other end" could clue one in with a passel of study notes while you ask questions via humming in Morse code!

One disadvantage, though—by the time you're through breathing the questions, it's 7:35 p.m. already. Or, one could have the sender-receiver in the ear while a friend (who has taken the final under the same instructor, but in a different time period, several days earlier) pumps in the lines.

It has been said that some students have made home-made devices to save expense. Only one flaw, though. Since the items are in direct contact with the human bod, wiring has to be tops.

One such ear device exploded in one guy's ear. All he can do now is sing "I Can Sing a Rainbow" and "Hang On, Sloopy." Another inserted a too-powerful power pack under his chest. He was rather severely jolted, so now his present address is Whispering Glades, care of the Blessed Reverend. Instructors can bollix the entire biz by giving essay-only tests.

This is dirty pool for the earnest electronic geniuses, and takes up a lot more of the instructor's correcting time—but it works.

Tsk, tsk. At least, we still have with us those dollar-per ponies (or "study guides"), which must rank next to the "How to Prepare" books for the student draft deferment test as one of the more vaguely amoral types of publications of the age. True to form, the Corsair will sacrifice its all (whatever that may be) to put out a final issue during (ecch!)

FINALS WEEK!!! The first time it has been done for years. (See brief, page one). Alas, the sacrifices this staff makes to please the public!

June 8, 1966

Sheldon Reviews Semester
by James Sheldon

FROM THE EDITOR . . .

Oy vay! The semester is gone already!! As you are reading this final finals edition, you must be wondering the same thing.

This semester has been an especially kind one to me (sorry if I personalize a bit). Not only did we put out one more regular issue than was published last semester (14 instead of 13), but we published a special High School Journalism Day edition (if you missed it, sorry—we only printed 300) and an all-pictorial Spring Splash edition on May 20.

Special story standouts in my mind have been the Sue Lyon interview, the story on that math wizard and a superb informative slew of bond issue editorials.

We have printed a poll (on midterms), a contest (on the Academy Awards) and a second column (on jazz). We introduced several innovations: Corsairville Capsulized, a gang of pithy news briefs; CC Cubs' Clippings, news briefs submitted by Journalism 1A (beginning) students, and a new masthead (name of paper as seen on page one) for the Spring Splash issue.

And we even won some awards! At the annual Journalism Association of Junior Colleges (JASJ), which was held this May in Yosemite National Park, two staffers came back with honors. Bob Cox, former Corsair sports editor, won a prize for the second best entry in the sports column category, and yerz truly glommed a first in an instant feature writing contest.

Enough of this, however. I must not forget the AS Commission. This semester . . . well, what of import did it do? There were no Greek Theater debates, no John Coffey anti-Corsair tirades, and no beloved "Operation Alertness," Sir McClure's "retarded" brainchild. It was so retarded it didn't come to be! Finding no great governmental gem of which to speak, I turn to outstanding Corsair staff members. Managing editor Gladys P. Martinez, production editor Bill Nowak, and editor-in-chief-to-be EJ Essel were the top "right hand men." Pam Wells, feature editor, always had a pack of new ideas per week.

Jim Sirody contributed a lively and controversial page four with the assistance of Cam Kimmel, who also doubled as a knowledgeable jazz columnist. Newcomer Abby Bilsky wrote a story that resulted in a highly complimentary note from the source. Tom Mann provided complete election and Spring Splash details with competence. Hmmm, that's the entire staff!

Miss Vlach, as adviser, just advised and did not force her opinions. This is as it should be for a smooth-running paper. Print shop bigwig Robert Wilkinson and zany typesetter Hugh Moody are

demigods in my book. Their putting up with our atrociously copyread copy (just kidding) was a feat of mental strength.

What of those of us who are to leave? Well, I'll continue at Bucland for one more semester to get in necessary courses before I transfer to Valley State in journalism in spring '67. Miss Martinez is set for UCLA, and Sir Sirody plans public relations work.

Miss Vlach is the wisest. She's taking a one-semester break in the fall to travel around the world!

Though my strained humor fell on its derriere at times, I've enjoyed every sec of this semester. I hope you have, also. Goodbye!!!